BRATTLEBORO, VT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1875.

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Friday evening, prayer meeting, 7:46.

CHENTRE CONGREGATIONAL.—Main St.;
Pastor. Sunday services 10:10 a. m., 7:00 p. m.;
Sunday School 12 m. Missiensay and B. S. Concerts
take the place of the evening service on the 1st and
2d Sunday of the month, respectively. Young
people's meeting Monday evening at 1-4 to S.
Prayer meeting, Friday evening at 1-4 to S.
Prayer and meeting, 1-2 to S.
Prayer and Sermon in morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Seats free. Sabbath school follows morning service.

Eviscoral.—Main H.; Ber. W. H. Colling, Rector.
Sunlay services: Morning prayer and sermon 1:02 m.; Sunday School 12:15 p. m. Holy days, 11:30 a. m.; Sunday School 12:15 p. m. Holy days, 11:30 a. m.; Holy
Communion 1st Hunday in the month, and on all great festivals. The children of the partial are catchised on the lat Sunday in dvery month at 3 p. m.
Mathoniar Eviscoval.—Meetings in tower town hall;
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METHODIES EFISCOPAL. Meetings in twee town hall; Rev. N. F. Ferry, Fastor. Preaching Sunday at 10:30 s. m.; Senday School 12 m.; prayer meeting in the svening. S. S. Concert 4th Sunday of every month. Class meeting Tuesday evening; prayer meeting Friday evening. Seals free. ROMAN CATHOLIO.—Walnut St.; Rev. Henry Lane, Pastor. Sunday services—High mass 10:30 s. m.; Venpers and Renediction 7:30 p. m.

Stranias.—Main St.; Bes. W. L. Jenkins, Pastor Services Sunday a. m., at 10:30. Seats free. Finst Universatist.—Canal St.; Rev. M. H. Harris, Pastor, residence on North St. Sunday sermon 10:30 a.m. Services Monday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

BRATTLEBORO

Business Directory.

Name, Business and Location of the leading EF CUT THIS OUT FOR REPERENCE.

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Miscellany.

Thunksgiving.

The year rolls round its circle,
The seasons come and go,
The barrest days are ended,
And chilly north winds blow;
Orebards have lent their treasure,
And fields their yellow grains,
So open wide the doorway,
Thanksgiving comes again.

Once more, in feetive gladness, I see the banquet spread, Walle from the glowing hearthstone A gental warmth is shed; Wast though the night falls darkly In shadows o'er the plain? The light within shines brightly, Thanksgiving comes again.

From rich and costly mansione, Where full abundance dwells; From lone and eastiered cottage Amid the mountain dells; From fisher's but and hamlet, Beside the sounding sea; From vales where lordly rivers Go flowing full and free;

From clust'ring villages that hear The clatter of the mills, And where the well-hept farm house Stanks shent on the hills; Far, far abroad is ringing The old and glad refraite, The year has filled its circuit, Thankagiving comes again.

O day to childhood sacred! O day to childhood sacred!
When dreamy visions rise,
And a new light is kindled
In eager, happy eyes;
What though the clouds hang gloomy,
And drep down snow or rain—
What matters it to childhood T
Thanksgiving comes again!

O day to age how sacred!
O'er the long buried past—
O'er friendships death has broken,
A holy spell is east;
And as the streight flickers
On wall and window pane,
The vanished forms come trooping,
The dead roturn again.

Come, gather round the fireside, And watch the dreamy biase; Call up the ancient memories, The tales of olden days; Tell the ancestral stories, The legends that remain Of grandsires brave and sturdy— Thanksgiving comes again.

Tell of the early Pügrims,
Those noble men and free,
Who kept the first Thanksgiving
In Plymouth, by the sea;
Tell of the humble heroes,
In many a battle slain;
Crown them with living garfands—
Thanksgiving comes again.

To unborn generations
These ancient legends tell;
May children's children bear them,
and beed their lesson well;
On through the coming ages,
As seasone wax and ware,
Let the glad words be sounded:
Tanksgiving comes again?

Thanksgiving comes again ! [Hev. Dr. I. N. Tarbox. The Ninety and Nine

"Be joice with me for I have found my sheep that wa lost."—Lunz 15:6. There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,

"Lord, then hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee!"
But the Shepherd made answer, "Tis one of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to fand my sheep."

But none of the rausomed ever knew.
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro?
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desort he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die. "Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way. That mark out the mountain's track ?"
They were shed for one who had gone sarray.
Ere the shopherd could bring him back."
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep. There rose a cry to the gate of beaven, "He-joice! I have found my sheep!" And the angels echeed are und the throne, "Be-joice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

A THANKSGIVING PARTY. "I say, Bess, what a poky Thanksgiving we shall have this year. Mother at Roth's and nobody at home but father and you

and me. Think of the jolly time we had last year, with Uncle John and Aunt Tina, and Fred and Ruth, and the Sturgis boys and all." These words were spoken by Master Na thaniel Clarke, who was laying out at ful length on the hearth-rug and were address

ed to his sister Elizabeth.
"I have a plan in the back of my head," ald she, "which will make our Thankgiv ing lively enough, if that is all. I mean to ask my Sunday-school class here to dine.'

"Thunder and lightning ! The poor fry ?" "Yes, 'the poor fry,' as you are pleased to call them. Papa, put down your paper and listen to me."

"Very well, Elizabeth." "I am going to have a dinner-party or Thanksgiving, if you don't object. I shall invite six guests, and I want you and Nat to do all you can to make them have a good

"Very well, I'll do my best, I will bring out those books on Greeian art, that I bought the other day."
"Ob, they are not precisely the kind who would be interested in those books, papa. In fact, I mean to invite my Sunday-school

"Bessie, when will you get over your absurd fancy for being with those children ? You go to see them oftener than you visit your friends; you spend hours every Sun-day teaching them facts which they forget before another week; and you are going

to bring them to the house and spoil our "Papa, papa, don't be so severe. In the first place, I have only been to see them twice this year; in the second place, I only spend a part of an hour Sunday, teaching them things they remember beautifully and in the third place, I think you will enjoy them when they once get here. Just think what a pleasure it will be to the poor

things. I am going to invite them this afternoon," she added, with decision. "I know you will eatch some dreadful disease going down among those people, in that unbealthy part of the town. Stay; if you really insist upon going, I will go with

Mr. Clarke was very fond and proud of his daughter; and although be often grambled at what he called her nonsensical ideas, he was always ready to help her earry them

"You must be my guide, Elizabeth," said he, after they had started on their walk. "I have only a bazy idea where

your people live." "Then perhaps the locality is not so unhealthy as you imagined," said his daugh-ter, laughing. "We are going to the Browns first. You remember Mrs. Brown, who used to come to our house for milk, and you invariably asked her how her husband was? Now please don't again; for as I have often told you, her husband is not living. It is Mrs. Bryan who has a husband. You always confound the two.

Here is the house, papa."
"Wait a minute, Bessie. I must find out whether there is any sickness inside before I can allow you to enter." And before Bessie could stop her father, he had opened the door and called out loudly! "Have any of your daughters the whooping-cough,

"There is only one, and it's her granddaughter," murmured Bessie. "However, it's not of much consequence."

"Why, how dew ye dew, Bessle?" said | it all so much that these minor defects were Mrs, Brown, coming forward. "You bain't forgotten. Even Nat warmed with the ocbeen here for quite a spell." Bessle explained her errand. Would Lu- game of hunt the slipper.

cy like to come? Lucy's beaming face was "Why, Elizabeth, I noticed that that wo- all my born days," said Nan. man called you Bessle, and that the child

did, too. I would put a stop to it." "I did try to make the children call me ple in the garden, and all."

Miss Elizabeth, but it was of no use. I "What are their names?" think myself they ought to show more respect to a young lady who is nearly twen- nized Adam and Eve. But what else can you expect when we live in a country where everybody believes berself on an equality with her neighbors? This is the Bryans. You may ask the old Mrs, Bryan how her husband does, if you like. But remember that the children belong to Mrs. Bryan, Jr."

The women were much pleased to see Bessie, and the children greeted her by saying, in jovial tones: "Hallo, teacher; two're awful glad to see you." Her invidown a tubful of water in their midst. tation was greeted by them with rapturous "We are going to the Normans next, pa-

but just come to this country; and they have the quaintest expressions." "How are you all, to-day?" she asked, as he entered the door.

pa. The family are Scotch-Irish, and have

"Middlin' well, thank'ee. But Mary bas wee bit cold." "I am sorry to hear that."

"What a nice little family you have. madam," said Mr. Ciarke, as he gianced from the rosy group to their eldest sister, whom he took to be their mother. "Yes, surelie, there's a good many of us.

Dada finds it a hard job to get shoes for the whole of us." "Papa, papa," said Bessie, after they had left the house, "when will you learn to get

can't trust you to say a word." "Why, what a lumble-down looking place, child. Can any one live here? I did not think your Browns, and Bryans, and

what not lived in style exactly. But this piace is really dreadful." "Nancy Peters lives here with her old grandfather."

They entered a forlorn-looking room, and aw a miserable and sick-looking child, wearily at work, seating chairs, "Why, Nan, how tired you look. This s my father, and we have come to see if you can dine with us on Thanksgiving

day. All the rest of my class are coming." The child's eyes brightened. Then her "I'd like to come ever'n ever so much; but I can't leave grandpa."

00 ?" whispered Mr. Clarke. "No, papa, not without inviting all the hildren's relatives." She stood perplexed for a moment; then

"Couldn't we manage the old gentleman

bright idea occurred to her. "Could not your grandfather dine at the that you have enjoyed it." Normans ? I will see that they have enough to eat for themselves and him, too, I will arrange it, if you think he would not object; for I am very anxious to have you at my party, Nan."

"Poor little soul, how thin she looked."

said Mr. Clarke, as they were walking

home. "I declare, Bessie, you will give a pleasure to every one of those children which they will not soon forget.' "And it will not quite spoil our day, papa?" asked Bessie slyly. Not long after eleven o'clock, on Thanks-

giving morning, six children might have been seen walking along Broad street. They had been asked to come at one, and thought it well to be in season. "Did you ever know anybody so lovely

s Miss Bessie?" asked Nancy Peters. "Bessie is a very nice girl," Lucy Brown eplied in a patronizing tone. "Her father is a queer man, I think,"

that granny was deaf, when she sin't, no "I wonder what kind of a time we shall have. First-rate, I guess," observed An-

"It seems to me it will be like the beautiful garden teacher was telling us of," said Nan. "Where the snake lived, you know, and the other people who got turned out, because they are apples." "I wonder if it will be as good as the cat-

tle-show," said Katherine Norman. "That's the best thing I've seen in this country. Here we are!"

"Ring the bett, Lucy." "Can't make it go." "It's one of them thingemjigs that flaps

"Guess it's broken. Let's walk in; we won t trouble Besale to come to the door.' In the six marched, meeting Nat in the entry, who exclaimed under his breath:—
"Whew! by jingo! The Poor Fry Intantry believe in being in season, at any

"You can walk in, if you like," was his ingracious salutation, "I suppose you know you have come two hours too early. My sister will be charmed to see you, however. She is in the china closet. You had better go in softly, so as to surprise her,"

said this naughty boy, chuckling at the thought of Bessie's discomfiture. sie was mounted on a pair of steps, handing china down to a damsel who stood

"La, sake, Miss Elizabeth, just look round," observed this person, as she caught "Here are your sweet class, my dear sister," said Nat. "The ranks are complete, you observe. Every P. F. is here on time.

That stands for 'pretty fellow,' " he explained to the wondering children. Bessie was certain she never could have ived through that morning if it had not been for her father. But he came nobly to the rescue; showed them pictures and told them such charming fairy-tales that they all thought him the most delightful man in

the world. At last the dinner was ready, and the hildren seated themselves at the table. "That's the biggest chicken I ever see," chispered Katherine to Lucy. "La, sakes, child, that's a turkey. We

dways have 'em Thanksgiving. "And surelie, I never heard of Thanksgiving in the ould country." Bessie had provided as sumptuous a repast for her guests as if they had been from a different walk in life. "They shall sit down to a well-ordered table for once in their lives," she thought. The children were dazzled by the white

fided to Betty that she thought it a deal nicer than the beautiful garden, because they did not have spoons and forks there. They were a little perplexed by the fingerhowls, and Bessie had to explain their use. There never was a merrier dinner-party. What if the manners of the guests were not all that heart could wish; their faces looked radiantly happy, and they seemed to enjoy

linen and silver and glass; and Nan con-

easion. After dinner they had a grand "Oh this lovely day, I wish it could last forever. I never had such a good time in

"Why, here are the Bible pictures teacher shows us Sundays. Here are them peo-"What are their names?" asked Bessie, encouraged to find that her children recog-

"The wise men!" Nan replied, prompt-After a noisy game of blind-man's buff, Bessie said: "It will soon be dark, children, and you must go as soon as we have had a game which we always play every Thanksgiving. Nat, please bring in the

tub,

"Don't know; guess so." "Teacher, shall we wash our hands? is that the game? You know you had us wash 'em after dinner in them red cups,' "Wait a moment, and I will explain Where are the apples, papa? Get a fork, Nat, No, a steel one. Now I believe ev erything is ready. I put the apples into this tub of water, you see-

"They look clean already," observed "Ob, they are clean. This is for a game You see how they float around in the water, don't you? Well, I am going to drop this fork into the tub, and if it spears an ag ple then I can have that apple for my own. They are very slippery things. Bah! it stead. Fish it out for me, Nat. Now you

Now it is papa's turn." It was a curious fact, considering that they played the game every year, that Mr. Clarke, Bessie and Nat always missed. "Let me give you this pretty red one," said generous Nan. "I've got so many,

and you haven't got none." "Thank you very much, dear, but there are plenty more in the barn. You had better keep it to give to your grandpa." At last it was time to go home.

Lucy. "I wish Thanksgiving was coming "I am glad if you have enjoyed it. And what sort of a time have you had, Nan?" well, the most beautifulest thing you can

with tears in her eyes. "I never mean to plague you any more by whispering in prayer-time at Sundayschool," said Betty, "That'll partly pay you for your trouble to-day, won't it?" "Yes, indeed! It's pay enough to find

She went with them to the door and met "It is a very cold day - I -so I have a few things here to make you more comfortable in going home." As he spoke, he undid bed a mustache that sort of drooped at the his parcel, and took out a warm shawl, and ends and give him a sad look, which was

Nan in the former, and told the other children to take their choice of the remaining duck takes to water. He was full of mis "You need not trouble yourselves to re- ject to in the leastest; the kind that gets

the door of Paradise. "Good night, everybody, and I hope fast young men; she was so inpocent her we'll all come again soon," returned Lucy. "Think of living in such a place all the time," said Nan, as they walked home. "No wonder she's so good. You know she observed Betty Bryan. "He would have it | told us last Sanday bout the man who fell among thieves, and the other one, that good Sam somebody, who picked him up. She said we must all love our neighbors as much as we love our own selves, and she's

a time as she has herself." "Weil, she'd oughter," returned Lucy, "that's what rich folks are made for-t

help poor ones." "And it was so good of Mr. Clarke to give us all these warm things. I suppose we ought to help people who are poorer than we are," said thoughtful Nan.

"That's a good idea. I mean to give Biddy O'Brien balf my apples," said Annie. versation, she would have felt that her teaching had not been entirely in valu. As was, she had to meet the gibes of her brother, without a word to say in self-de-

"I am so pleased to see that you were quite right when you said the other day that the children remembered everything you taught them," said this provoking oy. "I should so like to be in your class, One must get so much information! Adam and Eve the wise men! What an interesting fact to know! Is all your teaching con-

"You are a bad boy and don't deserve any anpper." "Don't want any. Ate too much dinner. By the way, Bess, what a good idea that is of drinking out of finger-bowls. I had al-

"Well, they had a good time any way," said Bessie, "Oh, how tired I am! I am glad it is over with, although I did enjoy "So did I," said Mr. Clarke. "The occa-

sion has been a grand success. I am sure

every one of those children will go home

nost a mind to follow the P. F.'s exam-

better and happier, and always remember their Thanksgiving party "-"E. L." in Christian Register. "PILLERING,"-They were coming down from Saginaw on the boat and us a swell rocked the steamer, the young lady scream-

ed out, and crawled around until she seized the young man's arm.
"Piller yer head right here, Susan! he exclaimed, patting his heart with one hand, and slipping the other around her waist. "When a feller loves a girl as I love you, e could take her on his back and swim eighteen miles in a bee-line, and then go ome and hoe corn till sundown. Piller yer head right here, my love, and if it rains, and hails, and thunders blue blazes, don't you squeal one squeal."

teen feet thick, my love! Just lean right over here, shut your pearly eyes, and feel as contented as if ye set on the top rail of a pasture fence waiting for a tin peddler to arrove in sight !" She "pillered," and everybody remarked that he looked like a hero.

"Are we safe?" she tremblingly inquir-

Thunksgiving Beggars.

Lor, your Thanksgiving beggars sin't nothing new! We used to rig ourselves up in old rugs when I was a gurl, and many's the good time we've had when some of the neighbors was took in by us, and filled our baskets with Thanksgiving fare. Your spelling matches aint nothing new neither. We used to hev 'em out to Pike's Clearing, jest for recreation like; cold winter evenings they warmed you up a bit, and be got many a heart-burning, I'll warrant. In the summer-time, you see, we could hev a figger in the barn, if Ben hed his violin sended; but winters there wa'n't nothing we could do but jest get together and cultivate our minds with the spelling-book, for we couldn't dance in the school house on account of the seats. Seems to me I can see Sibyl Jones now waiting on the sittee for to be chose on one side or t'other; for, "Does she mean for us to wash our faces, you see, Jack Rhett, Square Rhett's son, used to come and join us while he was studying with Parson Paul to keep up with his class at Yale the year he was rusticated; and the way it was, he always led one side of the spelling match and Matthew Morris, Farmer Morris's Matt, led the other; and there sat Sibyl as still as a mouse, only her hands working together under her shaw!for the school house wa'n't always as warm as love-and her two soft eyes a-gilitering, glittering; and p'r'aps it wouldn't be til

there wasn't nobody else left to choose that oung Rhett would say, saucy enough, 'Well, now I'll take Miss Sibyl Jones." "Last, but not least." Matt Morris would call out. For the truth was Matt would her chose her furst himself, but he knew that she wouldn't do anything a-spelling against Jack Rhett, and that she'd sooner has missed, and I have speared the tub in- be last with Jack than first with anybody else. That's what I call self-denial, or else I never come across the thing. But, you my people all straight? You have nade some unfortunate remark at every place.

Now please don't say anything here. I

The some unfortunate remark at every place.

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You have nade some unfortunate remarks and it was a playing some unfortunate remarks and it wa couldn't quite bring himself to overlook the distance between Square Rhett's son and Farmer Jones's daughter, specially as Farmer Jones was a ne'er-do-well, and loved his own eider barrel better'n all the rest of mankind. Now with Matthew Mor ris it was different, as everybody knows, He loved Sibyl jest for herself, and it didn't make no odds to him who or what her father was, so long as she was nobody but herself. But then he was only a farmer's son him-"I've had just a jolly time, Bessie," said self, and p'r'aps he didn't know no better Well, we kept up the spelling matches pret ty much all winter, and sometimes Rhett would choose Sibyl the very furst, and then again be'd contrive not to choose her "Oh, splendid! its been like-just like- at all, and she'd be that cut up by it-for Sibyl neven hed much proper spirit-that think of,-like beaven," said the child, she'd be the furst to miss on words that a baby could spell, and Ruett would be sure to laugh and chaff her till the tears was jest ready to gush out of her two eyes, for the rogue knew it was all his work. Heaven only knows why she cared a soumarkee for the young sauce box. He wasn't so handsome as Matt Morris, but he hed the Hall and the square behind him to be her father, who had slipped away some sure, and he wore store clothes, and had time before, coming in with a bundle unbe'd carry your shawl and hold your umberell and quote pretty verses to you if you was young and pretty yoursell; and he

some scarts and mittens. He enveloped | quite contrary to his feelings. I've always duck takes to water. He was full of mischief too, and that's what gurls don't obturn them," he said.
"Good night! I hope I shall see you all sort of mothers don't countenance, is jest next Sunday," said Bessie, as she closed the kind the daughters mostly lose their hearts to. Not that Sibyl was one to like self that she didn't as much as suspect any thing about the wickedness of this wicked world, and she thought Rhett was all that fancy painted him, and maybe a good deal more. His fine airs was so many virtues, and she believed him if he said black was white. Sibyl was good and pretty enough for a duke's son, and she hed bin sent to school by her great-sunt Gower to the semnary at Great Guns, and wa'n't no way lacking in book-learning. She could pass any word in the language, and she didn't nurder the king's English as I've heard some do that's hed more chances; and she was a master-hand at reading, and could tell you all about furrin parts, and do the biggest sums in the arithmetic. Nobody eedn't bin ashamed of Sibyl, she was that lady-like and fit for the kingdom of heaven. But the trouble was, she had set her poor heart on Jack Rheit. When he negected ber, all the light in her world be ome darkness; when he was kind, the darkness divided, and it was day. Many's the time I've seen Rheit loitering in the bit of wood near the school-house waiting

for Sibyl, who taught the district school that summer; and then, when the schol are'd come trudging out, he'd seem to happen near all by accident, and raise his bat and kiss his band and walk along with her, and it didn't need spectacles to see that the longest way round was the shortest way back to college, he'd used to correspond with Sibyl, and when he came home on vations, he'd contrive to meet her by the rout brook or the Witches' Pool-a pretty puddle enough, that didn't seem to lead owhere, nor to come from any where, all everbung with trees that reached across and knit together and darkened the place with shadders. It was such a lonese place that you couldn't hire a gurl in all Pike's Clearing to go there alone, yet it was a favorite apot for young folks a-keeping company; such as ain't afeard of ghosts t sin't any thing but rivals as will make their bair stand on end. One time Jack come home and didn't go a-nigh Sibyl for several days, and she set in the porch in her best pink gown, with sweet-pease in her hair, and watched the road stretching out to Square Rhett's, and grew rosy and trembled when a team or a man hove in sight, and fidgeted in school hours, and didn't sleep o' nights, and got as blue as a bank of clouds. On Sabbath-day there he was in the family pew as fine as silk, in kid gloves and patent-leather shoes, a-holding a hymn-book along of a strange gurl, who had on a morey antique gown and a blue bonnet like a flower garding, and was all a-glitter with beads and bugler and things. She hed a plaguy ugly face, for all her good clothes, and she was a-sing ing off of Rhett's face instead of the hymn book; and when meeting was over, he give her his arm, and never looked at Sibyl no moren'n she'd bin a post. We was at singng-school the following Saturday night

"Safe as a cow tied to a brick wall eighand somebody says,
"I reckon how that there'll be a wedding t Pike's Clearing afore a hundred year." "I should hope so," says Lucy Ladd. "And it won't be Lucy's nor Sibyl's,"

be needed to be going abroad for a wife gar, the place is all dark and empty, and

"I hope you are sancy enough," says I, "Is he really sweet on the gurl to church

what he sees in her?" tell John Piker that it was proverbial that | ering her as the robins covered the bases

through fire and water !" little Tim Lodd, who was lame and petted; "I see him kiss her twice. If he don't marry Sibyl, I will." And then they all laughed; and "Hush, Tim," says Lucy, for there was Sibyl at my elbow jest taking | ing it was Sibyl, he lifted her into the cart,

off her shawl. The next day Ben and me was down to the Witches Pool-for father didn't want me to be keeping company with Ben, and him and me didn't agree on that subjectand while we was talking together there, hid away by the barberry bushes and the alders and the sumace, who should come loitering by but Sibyl and Jack Rhett I and they stopped close by, while he threw a down, and is going down now for all I goodness and Jack's cruelty, it came about know, for there ain't no bottom to the pool, that from being a Thanksgiving beggar fulks think.

"There, Sibyl," I heard him say, "my love for you is as deep as that pool. Aren't you satisfied? What does it signify if I do stay at home and amuse Bertha, if I'm thinking of you all the time and wishing I was here? You don't want me to be rude to a gurl who's visiting my mother, if she has got a mouth like a shark, and she a kind of cousin, too. I'm sure you needn't be jealous of her, Sibyl; she can't hold a lated to me by a friend. It will be under-

candle to you!" "I am jealous of your good name, Jack," says Sibyl. "It burts me as if they bed

"They say you mean to marry her, and you don't love her. I could bear it, you know-at least I would bear it-if you loved her dearly; but it hurts me like a wound to hear them talk as if you had no honor and no love for any thing but money." "I shall set it all right some day, aweet-heart," said be. "The fact is, Sibyl, my fa-

ther and mother fret me to death,' "They want you to marry Bertha?" "That's it, and you and I must wait till their whim wears itself out. I have to humor them a little." "Ob, then you deceive them, Jack!"

"And is that so terrible? I must either

deceive them or you, sweetheart," said Jack, kissing ber; but Sibyl only sighed, and then they passed on.
You see I was forced to play at eaves-

dropping, because I didn't want folks to know how I was disobeying father and going on with Ben. Well, Bertha she went home, and pretty soon Jack he went too, to study something or other at the same place, and folks left off then to please her; and since Sibyl couldn't get the district school any longer, 'cause a woman didn't know enough to teach in the fall, she went out to sewing, for she gown at the Hall, and she liked that so well she hed her to make another; for Mrs. Rhett was a master-hand at gowns. It was getting on into November; the trees had turned to flames and burned themselves away, and the barberries were ripe and red. and Mrs. Bhett had Sibyl up there to make ber a silk periisse, and they got talking

about Thanksgiving beggars, for Thanksgiving had been appointed.
"I always give 'em something," said Mrs. Rhett, "whoever they are. A pie won't hurt any body. Miss Henshaw always turns'em away empty-handed, for you never can tell, says she, whether it's one of the neighbor's gurls or a needy creature; but I tell her the neighbors' gurls couldn't deceive me, nor any gurl that ever was

"Ob, Mrs. Rhett," laughed Sibyl, "I mean to send somebody here, and see if you find "So do," says Mrs. Rhett; "and if I don't find out, I'll give you as bandsome a

wedding gown as a gurl need to put on her back, when you want one," Though it was not partickler pleasant or Thanksgiving-eve, but hed snowed, and threatened to snow more, and not a star was out, yet a parcel of us bair-brained gurls got together, and thought it rare sport to dress up in all the old duds we could raise and go out begging, and some of us was fust-rate at imposing on kindly spinfor. And then somebody said, "Let's go and get Sibyl."

It was some time afore we could persuade her to Join us, for she wan't none of the fooling kind; but finally she got her self up so you'd died a laughing. She blacked bereyebrows with burnt cork, and clapped on a false front of inky curls her aunt L bby wore on Sandays, which she combed out in tag locks, and covered her head with an old moth-eaten woolen hood, and put on a torn shawl over a linsey gown and a calico apron, and made a mole out of putty on the side of her nose, and altogether you'd never hev guessed it was Sibyl to

your dying day. Herown madidn't know slammed the door in her face. "I mgan to go up to Mrs. Rhett's," said Sibyl; for she'd got into the spirit of it by the time we was in the road. "I want to see if she'll know me. She thinks nobody can decelve her." So we separated; and this was what happened, though I never heerd the particklars till years after. You see, she roug the bell at the Hall, and the man showed her into a room where a fire was burning low on the hearth; and while he went to call the mistress, Mrs. Rhett, she set there a waiting by the dim fire-light and watching the shadders, for the servant hedn't thought it worth while to light a lamp for a beggar girl. And presently the door opened, and in strode Jack himself, awhistling of "The girl I left behind me. He bedn't wrote Sibvl he was coming home for Thanksgiving; and jest as she was about to cry out for joy, forgetting all be rags, somebody in the next room rustled forward, all shining in silk and lace, and puts her two arms round his neck, and says Dear Jack, I've been watching for you al day; why didn't you come earlier ?" the two didn't see nobody but each other there in the dim light, but Sibyl sees them both-sees Jack with his arms about his cousin Bertha, sees him kiss the hand upon which he slips a shining ring, and hears him call her his own sweetheart, and sweat that he loves her with all his heart. And Sibyl sits stunned and bewildered like a minute after the two lovers hev gone up the staircase, a-listening to the echo of their bappiness, and then she creeps out like s

when there was so many pretty gurls at the fire has burnt down to a red coal, and it is snowing fast outside. The way of it was, poor Sibyl dragged herself along with-out seeing the way she went, without feelwith him?" asked our Jane, "I wonder ing the snow in her face, and then she drop-what he sees in her?" ped down of a sudding on her poor face, "Solid charms," says Ben. "I heard him | and the snow kept falling, falling, and covbeauty'd fade, but money'd hold its own in the wood with leaves; and ther'd been no Sibyl Jones by morning if it bedn't hap-"I see him kiss Sibyl one day," spoke up | pened that Matt Morris bed bin to market. and fairly atumbled over a beggar-woman, as he thought, lying at one side of the road, he having got off his ox cart to warm his feet a-walking; and never oust guessand wrapped the robes about ber, and bur-

ried home for dear life, "Here's a Thanksgiving beggar for you, nother," says he; "wher's your cam hire

bottle ?? "Why, it's Sibyl !" says Mrs. Morels, when they come to put her to ted. Run for the doctor." But she was clean out of her head with a fever or somewhat, and the doctor wouldn't hear to her being moved pebble into the pool, and it went down and | home. And so, you see, what with Matt's that happened a matter of five years later.

-Harper's Bazar.

One of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed in the amphithester at Cadiz transpired in the Autumn of 1841. I was in the city at the time, but was not present at the theater. The circumstances were restood that the really thrilling scenes on such occasions are not of blood. Blood is oo common a thing at a bull fight for rivers of it, be it brute or human, to thrill an ordinary audience. Something out of the ordinary line is what transpired on the oc-

casion to which I refer.

Notice had been posted in all the public places that on a certain day the bull called El Moro (the Moor) would be introduced in the arens, and that when he should have been goaded to the utmost fury, a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of El Moro as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised to appear in so strange and daring a part was a peasant girl of Espera, who had petted the bull, and fed it and cared for It

during the years of its growth. On the appointed day, as might be sup-posed, the vast amphitheater was filled to verflowing with an auxious, eager crowd. Two bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then a flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep, terrific roar, El Moro entered upon the scene. He wastrnly magnificent, a bovine monarch, black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilsting nostrils and wicked talking about 'em, and Jack would send looking horns. The pleadores attacked Sibyl's necklace or some tritle now and him warily, and hurled their banderillos (small, dart-like javelins, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to good and infuriate.) The bull had killed three horses offhand, and had received eight banderillos hed to help herself in those days; and one in his neck and shoulders, when upon a day Jack's mother sent for her to make a given signal the pleadores and matadores suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriate beast alone in his wild paroxysm of wrath.

> piplog of a lark, was heard, and directly afterward a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with an Andalusian face, sprang lightly into the a ena, approaching the bull fearlesslly, and at the same time calling his name: "Moro! Moro! Ya vov!" At the sound of the sweet voice the animai ceased its fury, and turned to the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl be plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head, and put forth her hand which he licked with his tongue.

Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead; and while she sang

the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet.

Presently a soft, musical note, like the

Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillos, after which, with her arm around El Moto's neck she led him towards the gate of the torril.

Until now the multitude had been held spell bound but when they saw the gentle nistress thus triumphant, a shout went up that shook the very walls. In an instant the bull turned, the flame again in his eyes, but the girl very soon again subdued bim, and led him out from the arena-a prize

which she was to carry back with her to

her home. FARRAGUT AT TEN .- Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my coun try? It was all owing to a resolution I father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. 1 accompanied him as cahin boy. I had some qualities that Y thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to

"David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea," "Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast,

kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign "No," I said, "Pil tread the quarter deck and command as you do." "No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if

you ever become a man." My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and over-whelmed with mortification. "A poor, piserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kleked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another-drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never And, as God is my witness I have kept

-The animosities are mortal; but the hu-

his own terms, and agreed to occupy if they

"Time enough for that," said Lucy, "I joked Rhett about it myself o' Fri-

day," put in John Piker. "I asked why

stricken creature, and when Mrs. Rhett comes down to see the Thanksgiving beg-

would give him \$800 a year and have no de nation party .- Chicago Tribune.

S. ren alactics, sfor tob. thirty when a of the star o

A clergyman of experience in the rural districts was last week offered \$900 a year, house rent and a donation party every fall, to fill the pulpit of a suburban town, but demurred on the ground that it was not nough. He was then asked to come on